

SPORTS REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1982

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Wrestling

**DAVID VON ERICH:
"WATCH ME
CRUMBLE
WRESTLING'S
LEGENDS"**



**Nick Bockwinkel's
Championship In Review:
365 DAYS OF TERROR
AND TURMOIL**



**Apartment Wrestling Battle Of The Month:
WHIRLPOOL
OF TERROR**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

- Champion: BOB BACKLUND
 1—JIMMY SNUKA
 2—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
 3—COWBOY BOB ORTON
 4—PEDRO MORALES
 5—GREG VALENTINE
 6—ADRIAN ADONIS
 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
 8—TONY ATLAS
 9—IVAN PUTSKI
 10—PAT PATTERSON

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

- Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL
 1—HULK HOGAN
 2—TITO SANTANA
 3—KEN PATERA
 4—BARON VON RASCHKE
 5—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
 6—RICK MARTEL
 7—SHEIK ADNAN AL-KAISSIE
 8—GREG GAGNE
 9—JIM BRUNZELL
 10—BRAD RHEINGANS

MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
 2—TOMMY RICH
 3—DUSTY RHODES
 4—BOB BACKLUND
 5—RICK STEAMBOAT
 6—HULK HOGAN
 7—JUNKYARD DOG
 8—MR. WRESTLING II
 9—MIL MASCARAS
 10—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN JR.



PAT PATTERSON



JIM GARVIN



RICK MARTEL



HARLEY RACE

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- Champion: RIC FLAIR
 1—SGT. SLAUGHTER
 2—BUZZ SAWYER
 3—JIM GARVIN
 4—JACK BRISCO
 5—BRUISER
 6—RODDY PIPER
 7—DUSTY RHODES
 8—DAVID VON ERICH
 9—TOMMY RICH
 10—HARLEY RACE

TAG TEAMS

- 1—MR. FUJI & MR. SAITO
 2—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
 3—SUPER DESTROYER & JOHN STUDD
 4—BUTCH REED & SWEET BROWN SUGAR
 5—PVT. NELSON & PVT. KERNODLE
 6—JULES & JAY STRONGBOW
 7—THE SAMOANS
 8—STAN HANSEN & OLE ANDERSON
 9—TULLY BLANCHARD & GINO HERNANDEZ
 10—ROGER KIRBY & JERRY BROWN

MOST HATED

- 1—RODDY PIPER
 2—RIC FLAIR
 3—SGT. SLAUGHTER
 4—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
 5—KEN PATERA
 6—JIMMY SNUKA
 7—KENDO NAGASAKI
 8—DAVID VON ERICH
 9—HARLEY RACE
 10—JAMES J. DILLON

THE TATTLER

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Memphis, Tenn.

Barry Simon

Tampa, Fla.

DALLAS, TX—After 25 glorious years in wrestling, Fritz Von Erich has decided to call it quits.

"There comes a time in every man's life when he has to step down and make room for younger professionals," Von Erich said at a recent press conference. "In my case I want to make room for my three sons."

Fritz didn't indicate directly



VON ERICH VS. BABA

what he would do upon his retirement, but he did say that he wanted to dedicate himself to furthering his sons' careers. What shape that dedication would take remains to be seen.

"My three sons are on their way up in the wrestling world," said Fritz, "and I want to make

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Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!



Snuka throws his arms up in victory (above) after a disqualification victory in Madison Square Garden (below) over Bob Backlund. Despite his ruthless, unrestrained style, Snuka ranks among the sport's top stars and is so honored by *SPORTS REVIEW* this month.

IN AN EXTREMELY controversial decision by the editors of *Sports Review Wrestling* following long hours of discussion and debate, this issue's Wrestler of the Month award has been given to Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka.

Split opinions among the editorial staff generally took one of two positions.

In one case, some felt that Snuka was too harsh a man, too unrestrained, too wild to be allowed to receive such an honor. They pointed to his first match against WWF champion Bob Backlund as a prime indication of why he doesn't deserve the award. They noted his brutality and fury against not only Backlund, causing him to be taken out on a stretcher for the first time in his championship reign, but also against Backlund's manager, Arnold Skoaland.

Yet another faction maintained that Snuka's fury is precisely why



he deserves to be recognized as a Wrestler of the Month. This was the faction that, in the end, finally won out. Snuka, therefore, has been honored for providing Bob Backlund with the most strenuous challenge to his championship reign of over four years.

"There's no reason this man shouldn't even be awarded the Wrestler of the Year award," boasted Snuka's manager and official spokesman, Captain Lou Albano. "The Superfly is the man, my friends, the man who is going to take it all the way to the top and finally rid the WWF of that hideous excuse for a champion, Bob Whatshisname."

"Of course he's a furious wrestler," Albano explained when asked about Snuka's unique style in the ring. "He's a backwoods native of the Fiji Islands. So you know what that means? That means that until he was brought to

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The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views and opinions. Each month, we'll ask a controversial question and have the fans answer—no matter what those answers might be!

THE QUESTION:

"The NWA recently held a 30-day trial period where, in championship matches, there were no count-outs or disqualifications. A win could only be scored by pinfall or submission. Now that the trial period is over, what do you think about the experiment?"

THE ANSWERS:

Tom Gaustad, Cincinnati, OH: "I think it's a good idea, and that the NWA should adopt the rule

permanently. Too many title matches end in a disqualification or the champion rolls out of the ring and gets counted out simply so he can retain the title. The new rules would prevent the champions from doing this, and it would make them face up to their opposition."

Bill Lockridge, Minneapolis, MN:

"I wish the AWA would do the same thing. If they did, you can bet a week's worth of lunch money that Bockwinkel would lose his title in the first defense. He's always



If disqualifications and count-outs were eliminated from wrestling, we would see many more title changes. The match in which Ric Flair and Tommy Rich were counted out of the ring would have been wrestled to a conclusion.



Wahoo McDaniel won the U.S. belt from Sgt. Slaughter during the 30-day trial of the rule change. Had disqualification been an option for Slaughter, he might still be champion today.

getting himself disqualified, and it really cheapens the title. The AWA should really learn a lesson from the NWA and try this rule."

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TOP WRESTLER

YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING**, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS

Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48

Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

The "Question of the Month" is:
"What goes through a wrestler's mind when he wins a title?"

Submitted by:
Sue Barnett;
Mary Esther,
Florida



BOB BACKLUND

"When I won the WWF heavy-weight championship from Superstar Graham, I just thought about how all the hard work that I've put into wrestling over the years paid off. That was over four years ago, and I'm working harder than ever, and it is paying off more than ever."



NICK BOCKWINKEL

"Every match I wrestle in, every successful title defense, is winning the title as far as I'm concerned. In every AWA title match it's winner take all, and you've got to be on the top of your form every second. But I'm calm, I'm collected, and I'm talented. All that goes through my mind is the thought to stay calm, and I'll keep my belt."



TOMMY RICH

"I've won the Georgia National title a couple of times, and when I took it away from Ron Bass, all I could think about was how finally the fans wouldn't have to have a slime like Bass representing them in the ring and across the country. The Georgia National title is the fans' title, and men like Bass should never hold it."



MR. FUJI

"Mr. Saito and I win WWF title, we feel very satisfied. We defeat those weak wrestlers, Garea and Martel, and we show fans here what real champion wrestling is like. We know we going to be champions for long time to come, and that gives us great satisfaction every time we step into ring."

WRESTLERS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



WAHOO McDANIEL

"I thought about how the U.S. title has been under the death-grip of a man like Sgt. Slaughter, and how I am extremely happy to be the one to take the belt away from him. Nobody deserves to have Slaughter as a champion, and it was a complete embarrassment to wrestling for him to wear the belt."



GREG GAGNE

"Jim Brunzell and I are the AWA tag champs as you know, and we beat Adonis and Ventura for the honor. Man, I don't know about Jim, but I felt relief after that match was over. Relief that I didn't have to wrestle another grueling minute in the ring, and complete happiness that we had finally won the belts."



PEDRO MORALES

"I felt great, because that scum Muraco did nothing but bring shame and dishonor to the Inter-continental title. It was an embarrassment to have him as a champion, so I really felt fantastic when that beach bum lost the title—lost *my* title—and shamed himself. I'm proud to have chased him out of the area."



HARLEY RACE

"The six times I won the belt, it was like nothing else I've ever felt. To win a championship title is a tremendous feeling, but I'm sure it won't even come close to what will probably be running through my mind when I defeat whoever the titleholder is for the NWA title a seventh time!"



JIM GARVIN

"Joy, absolute joy. In my case, it was joy because I had beaten that masked idiot Mr. Wrestling II for the Florida title and had proven to the world what a ridiculous excuse for a champion he truly is. Everyone looks up to Mr. Wrestling II as a champion, but to me he's nothing but a cowardly chump."



RIC FLAIR

"I felt proud, because I knew in my heart that the NWA fans finally had a champion they can be proud of. The NWA finally had a champion who can defend the title with honor, not like that fat man Rhodes, all talk and no action. Ric Flair is all action, and he's all champion!"



From time to time, the editors of this magazine find it necessary to condemn those in wrestling who would subvert the basic principles of decency, integrity, and honesty. Without such truths, our sport will die

IS TERRY GORDY TRUST-WORTHY?

That's a question many people will be asking in the months to come. The fans, the promoters, and the wrestlers are all very confused at the moment, and rightfully so. Terry Gordy claims to have turned the page on his past.



The Freebirds (Buddy Roberts, Michael Hayes, and Terry Gordy) were wrestling's premier tag team until Hayes decided to dissolve the corporation about a year ago.

He stands before us on television and begs forgiveness for the wrongs of his past. He says he's a new man, a good man. A man to be cheered by the fans and trusted by his fellow wrestlers.

Most of us don't know what to make of the situation. Terry Gordy as a good guy just doesn't sound right. But while most of us can just sit back and wait to see what happens, one man, Michael Hayes, had to make a quick decision about the integrity of his former partner. We hope he never has to regret that decision, but we fear he will.

We suspect foul play. We don't trust Terry Gordy. We accuse him of trying to dupe his former partner.

There was never a hint that Gordy wanted to change his ways. Everything happened so suddenly, which only adds to our suspicion. Hayes was wrestling in a singles match in Dothan, Alabama. From behind, and without warning, he was approached by the Kiwi Shepherders, Crazy Luke and Maniac Jonathan, each carrying a razor. Their intent was not to cut Hayes, but to shave off his hair and humiliate the man. As the Shepherders converged on Hayes, a third man, Terry Gordy ran into the ring.

Gordy and Hayes had been bitter enemies since Michael dissolved The Freebird Corporation about a year ago. Hayes split up the team to pursue a "new career" as a fan favorite. At first, Hayes did



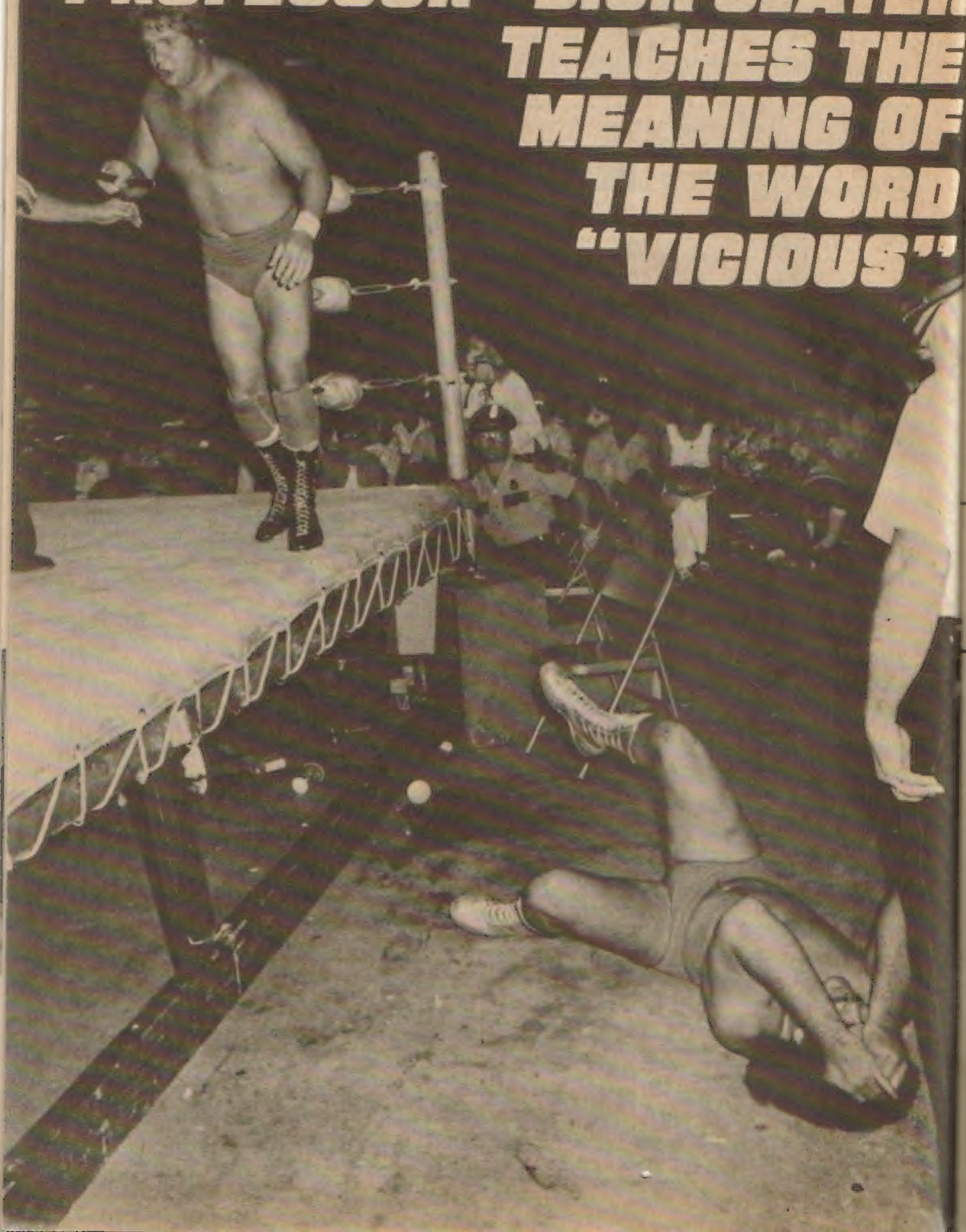
Gordy, one of wrestling's most aggressive young stars, zeros in on his helpless opponent, Robert Fuller. Gordy is asking the fans and Michael Hayes for a second chance.

not find acceptance with the fans or fellow scientific wrestlers, but he begged their trust, stayed clean, and eventually proved himself.

Gordy says he is now looking for the same trust. Of course, Hayes didn't know that when Terry jumped into the ring that night in Alabama. But to everyone's shock and amazement, Terry proceeded to single-handedly pummel both Shepherders. At the time, Hayes

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**"PROFESSOR" DICK SLATER
TEACHES THE
MEANING OF
THE WORD
"VICIOUS"**



TO SAY THAT there are many vicious men in professional wrestling is like saying that there are lots of dollar bills in a bank. It is taken for granted. Furthermore, there are a great number of savage wrestlers in Texas. This is also taken for granted. Texas wrestling has always been as bloody and cruel as the action in any area in the country. Bloodbaths are as common as cactus. But even Texans, who claim to have the biggest and best of everything, were taken by surprise by a wrestler that is gaining a reputation as the "Professor of Viciousness," Dick Slater.

Slater's wide-range reputation has its roots in Georgia. The story circulating around the arenas goes something like this: The president of a major Georgia university (some insiders hint that it is a very

Slater said he turned down the offer, flattered as he was. But a few weeks later, traveling to Texas for the first time in his professional career, Dick Slater performed a private tutoring session for Alberto Madril in front of thousands of stunned observers. The "Professor of Viciousness" held class, and the lesson Madril received changed his life.

At the time of the match, Alberto Madril was not the most popular wrestler in the Lone Star State. He had inexplicably turned from scientific wrestler to rulebreaker. He was vague and elusive when questioned as to the reasons for his turn.

"I, I can't, I won't, well, you wouldn't understand anyway," he mumbled. "Some things a man just simply must do. No more questions, thank you."



Using his left knee, Slater smashes Alberto Madril in the head, stunning the game youngster. Madril was never treated as viciously by any opponent.

There are people who say there's no such thing as the killer instinct. Then there are other people who've seen Dick Slater in action. Here is what happens when Slater finds a victim ready to torture!

large school) attended an Atlanta wrestling card. He patiently watched the preliminary wrestlers. But then the man he had driven many miles to see strutted down the aisle towards the squared circle. It was Dick Slater.

Slater wrestled in his usual style that evening. His opponent feared for his life. The president of the university was deeply impressed. The next day, two college seniors brought an unsigned contract to Slater's apartment. It was a one-year contract offering Slater good money to become an instructor at the university. A new sociology course was being offered, and the university wanted Slater as its first "Professor of Viciousness."

The truth of this story cannot be verified. However knowing Slater and the impressions he makes on wrestling fans, anything is possible.

When Madril signed to wrestle Slater, he knew little of the veteran Georgia and Florida grappler. Others warned him of the potential and capabilities of Slater, but Madril was calm.

"There is not a man alive today in professional wrestling that can out-evil me when the going gets very brutal and hot," he boasted. "This Slater better be prepared to go back to wherever the stupid fool came from. An imprint of my fist will be made on his forehead."

The match shocked the sophisticated Texas fans. They were used to blood. They were used to violence and rulebreaking. But they had never seen the "Professor of Viciousness." If the "Professor" taught Madril a painful lesson, the fans all took notes.

A brutal display of rulebreaking highlighted the match. Slater tried



Slater sends Alberto zooming with a perfect suplex slam, a move that can break an opponent's neck or back.

PHOTOS BY JIM CALDWELL



Madril musters up all his strength to hurl Slater across the ring (above). Madril is an easy target (below) for Slater's favorite maneuver, the double elbowsmash



to destroy Madril, but Madril would immediately come back with firepower of his own. No scientific maneuvers were even attempted. This was not gunfire between two neatly dressed armies. This was guerilla warfare.

As the match progressed, one thing became clear. No one, not even Madril, could ever out-rulebreak the "Professor of Viciousness." Slater took pride in his animalistic ways. Madril came to a sudden realization when he saw that in terms of creativity, Slater was the master rulebreaker.

"Dick Slater showed me one thing during that match," an exhausted Madril said. "Rule-

breaking is not for me. My heart just isn't into it. When I mix it up with the likes of Slater, I had better be ready to hold nothing back and wrestle like a man with an hour to live. Actually, I'm lucky to get out alive against that maniac. One thing is definite. My days as a rulebreaker are over. Alberto Madril is going straight."

Without intending to, Dick Slater did wrestling a great service. By meeting Madril and teaching him a lesson, Slater saved another precious soul from the clutches of rulebreaking. Maybe Dick Slater, the "Professor of Viciousness," should hold class more often, for wrestling's sake. □

Stan Hansen & Ole Anderson: **SONS OF THE DEVIL**



Over 1,600 years ago, marauders called Sons of the Devil rampaged over the land. Today, Stan Hansen and Ole Anderson are descendants of these ruthless bandits, dominating the NWA tag team scene with a merciless cruelty that may destroy the sport itself!

DURING THOSE CHAOTIC years when the Roman Empire was crumbling, a band of barbarians traveled through the land that now makes up France, southern Italy, and Spain. They would conquer a tribe, drain it of resources and pride, and then move on. Left in their trail would be the rubble of a people.

This band of destroyers was known throughout that part of the world as "Sons of the Devil." Savage parasites, they sucked the lifeblood from group after group. For 50 years, over two generations, they wreaked

havoc wherever they went. To people of that era, they were regarded as deadly and overpowering as the plague.

They might have gone on forever except for one thing—they became civilized. The success of Sons of the Devil depended upon having no mercy, no respect for law, no sense of decency, and no knowledge of morality. Once they became successful, they started thinking about laws, morality, and compassion. The first time the Sons of the Devil decided they needn't torment a

community unnecessarily, they were doomed. Of course, the world was better off for it. While the Sons of the Devils fell apart, civilization was able to recover.

Stan Hansen claims to be a direct descendant of Ragmar Tiberius, the most feared of all Sons of the Devil chieftains. He has modeled his entire wrestling career on his alleged ancestor's exploits. When he formed his tag team with Ole Anderson, Stan proclaimed, "Welcome to the second era of Sons of the Devil!"

In their rampage toward the NWA Eastern Regional tag team

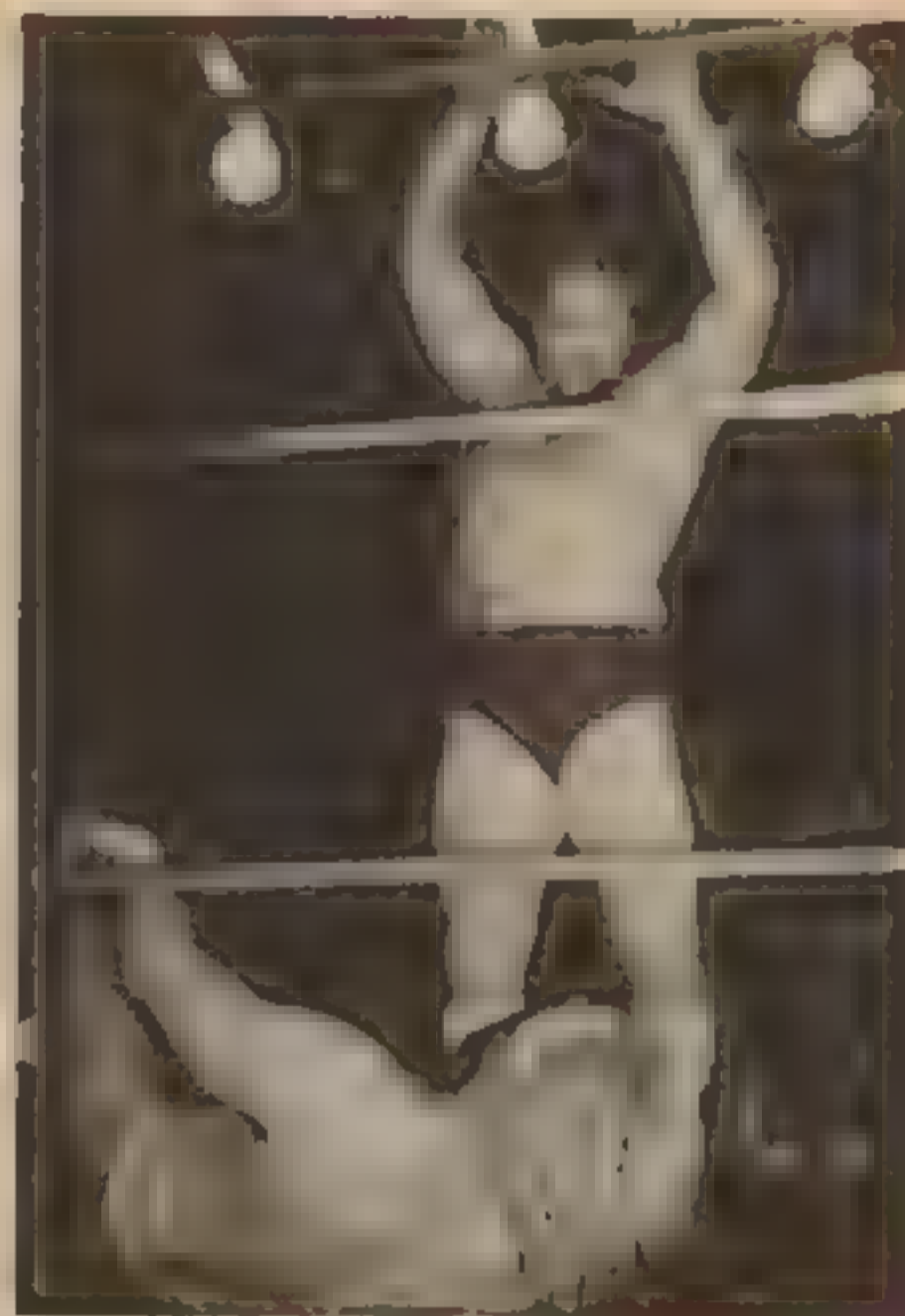
PHOTOS BY BRAD McFARLIN



title, the team did indeed seem like a reincarnation of the marauders who terrorized nations. They ruthlessly powered their way over opponents, often using the ugliest tactics imaginable. When scorned for their cruelty, the men would laugh and reply, "It gets the job done!" There could be no arguing that, though one might ask if the victory means anything for the way it was won.

When asked further about his tactics, Stan angrily replies, "Sons of the Devil only care about winning. Any other consideration leads to disaster. Hell, if the original Sons had never worried about morality, I might be King of Europe! Now I'm King of Wrestling, or at least one of its two kings. That's good enough."

Whether they are kings or not can be argued, but no one can deny they are champions.



Anderson and Hansen effectively double-team Tommy Rich (left). Anderson prepares to pounce upon his downed opponent (above).

Tommy Rich, for one, thinks they might be a disease. In fact, he calls them "a plague upon the land." Tommy doesn't find it interesting that the original Sons of the Devil were also thought of as a plague.

"I'm sick of this whole Sons of the Devil nonsense!" Tommy spits. "As far as I'm concerned, it's a fairy tale with a happy ending—the villains are wiped out. I don't care what Hansen says about some ancient warrior band. All I know is that pair has got to be stopped."

"They're a real danger. If other guys see that being lawless is the way to succeed, then we'll see a plague of punks breaking every rule. Wrestling will be a thing of the past. It would be worse than war. Even war has some rules."

"What makes me angriest is those rats are going around spouting their slop. It's a disgrace to everyone who really believes in sport. I consider it a personal insult. And when I'm insulted I don't get mad. I get even."

With men like Rich after them, one would think that the pair



might be a little worried. If they're worried, they certainly don't show it.

"I'm used to morons like Rich threatening me," Ole says. "When I teamed with my brother Gene, they promised to drive us out of wrestling. I was personally threatened with getting my legs broken by at least a dozen guys, guys who called themselves scientific wrestlers. Well, my legs have never been broken and those guys are now selling used cars in some backwater town."

"Do you really expect *me* to be afraid of Tommy Rich? Be serious. I was a star when he was getting beaten up by the girls in kindergarten and I'll be a star when he's begging for dimes outside arenas. What can that blond bozo do to me?"

"When Gene went into semi-retirement, I thought I'd never get another great tag team partner; after all, Gene was one

Hansen drives his knee into Michael Hayes' outstretched arm (above). The strategy of both Hansen (below left) and Anderson (below right) is to work on Tommy's left arm. Rich is not sure about Hansen and Anderson's claim of being "Sons of the Devil," but he is sure they are sons of something else!



of the best. Well, I'll be honest with you, I didn't think Hansen was going to cut it. I've never been more wrong in my life! I'm part of the greatest tag team in the world. No clown like Tommy Rich or Mr. Wrestling II can do anything about that."

"Look, I don't really know that much about the Sons of the



Devil. As far as I'm concerned, you're only as good as your next match. But if Stan gets some kick out of being part of this renegade band, and he keeps wrestling like he has, well I'll be the son of anything you want."

"I may not be a Son of the Devil, but I'll promise you I'm going to raise a lot of hell!" □

MIL MASCARAS' 10 GREATEST TRIUMPHS

Whenever Mil Mascaras battles, the results are sure to be spectacular. Out of hundreds of magnificent victories, 10 emerge as the peak of this fabulous grappler's career. Here are photo memories of these magnificent conquests

AGAINST ERNIE LADD

AGAINST LADD

The gargantuan size of Ernie Ladd has proved too much for many top wrestlers. Ladd gave Mil one of his toughest bouts but Mascaras still emerged triumphant. Mil has wrestled Ladd since this 1972 bout, but no subsequent encounter has shown so well Mascaras' skill in cutting down his huge opponent to size.





AGAINST DESTROYER

**AGAINST
BLACK GORDMAN**



AGAINST DESTROYER

One of Mil's toughest rivals has always been Destroyer. In this remarkable encounter, Mascaras overwhelmed his dangerous foe by a series of perfectly executed maneuvers. This photos shows how Mil controlled Destroyer by setting him up for a flying cross. Of all Mil's battles against Destroyer, this one, held in March 1974, was his best.

AGAINST GORDMAN

Mil towers triumphant over the fallen body of Black Gordman. This 1969 match saw Gordman struggle savagely, come close to tearing away Mil's mask, but ultimately crumple beneath Mascaras' sustained attack

AGAINST GRAHAM

The powerful arms of Mil Mascaras trap Superstar Billy Graham in an awesome headlock. Mil's strength had Graham begging for mercy. Though the 1970 match ended in a draw, many people feel Mil proved his superiority over the man who is now WWF champion. It was a brilliant exhibition of wrestling virtuosity by Mascaras

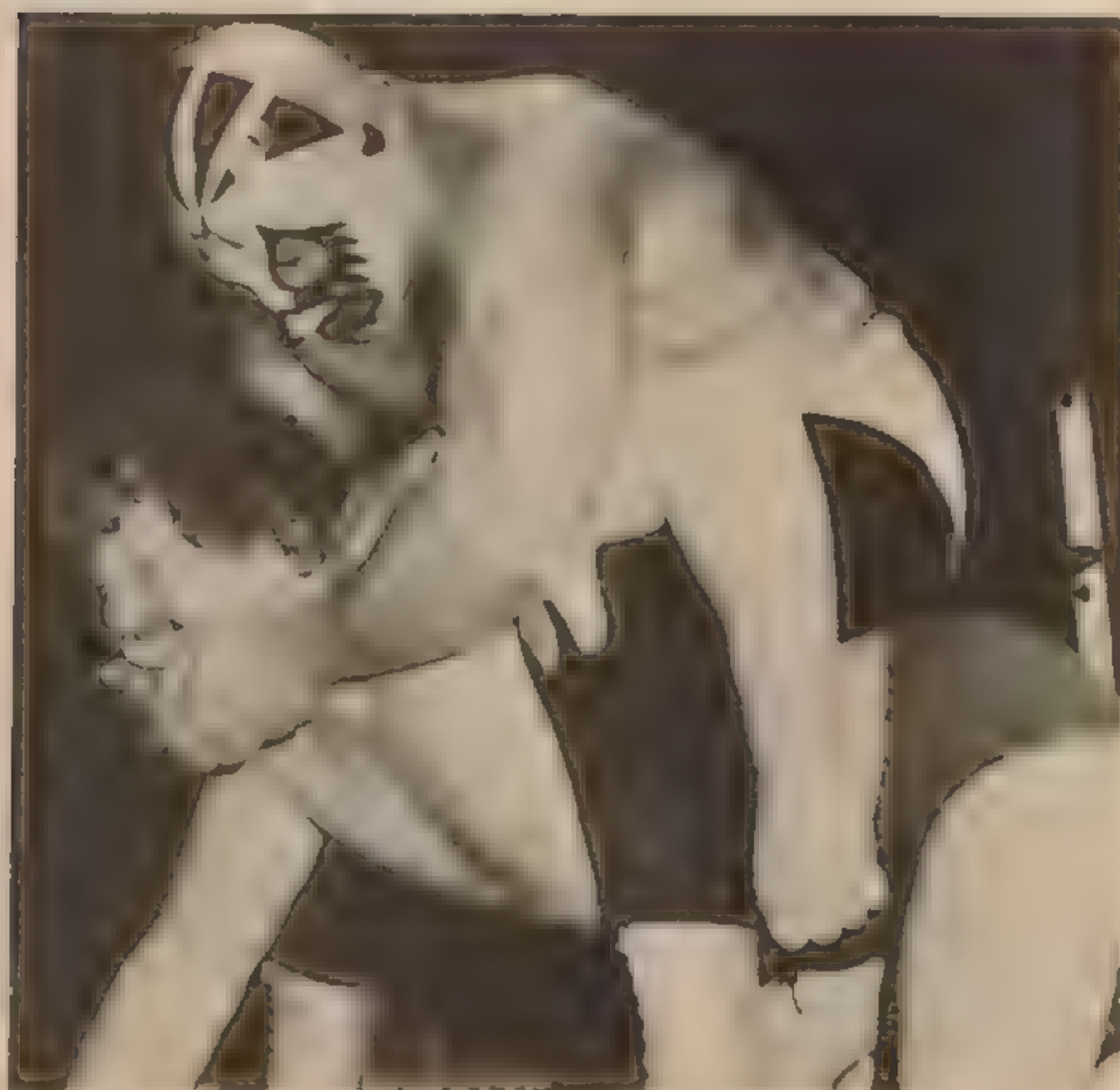


AGAINST BILLY GRAHAM

AGAINST CYCLONE NEGRO



AGAINST GREAT KOJIKI



AGAINST LARRY HEINIME

AGAINST HEINIME

According to wrestling experts, Larry Heinime is one of the most underrated wrestlers in the sport. Mil still managed to conquer this dangerous foe with a series of acrobatic maneuvers and holds rarely equaled in wrestling history. This 1975 bout was truly a victory for posterity

AGAINST KOJIKI

When it comes to mastery of Oriental wrestling, the Great Kojika is in a class by himself. And when it comes to mastery of Kojika, there is none comparable to Mil Mascaras. When Mil took the man's best and still dominated the action, Kojika scurried back to the dressing room. After this 1969 battle, Kojika went into early retirement

CYCLONE NEGRO

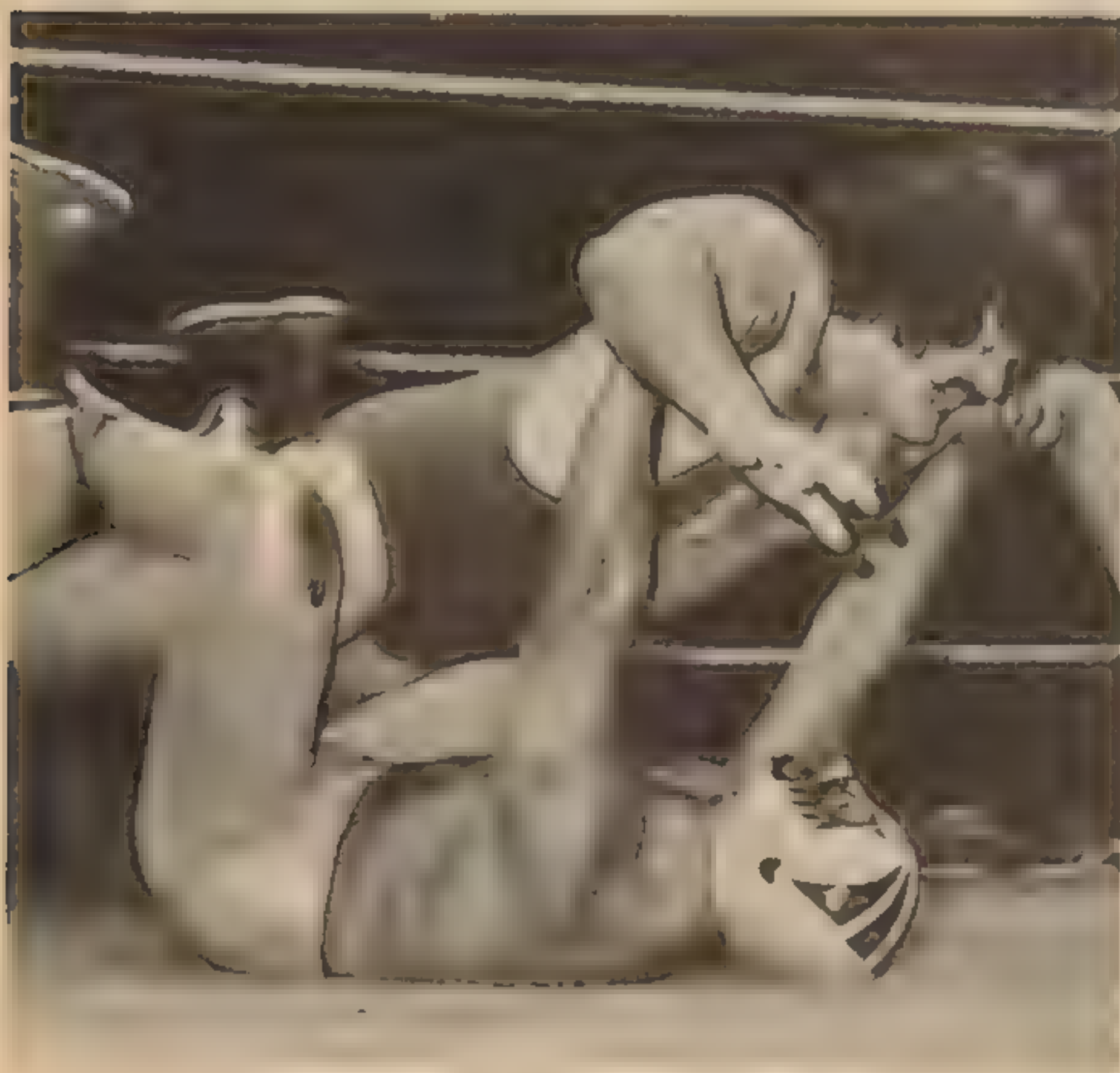
Dirty tactics have given Cyclone Negro victories over many great grapplers. Mascaras' victory is that much greater for being strictly scientific against this brutalizing foe. Mil proved once and for all scientific wrestling can defeat dirty tactics. All wrestling fans cherish the memory of this 1972 conquest



AGAINST JOHN TOLOS



AGAINST BULL RAMOS



AGAINST DOUG GILBERT

AGAINST GILBERT

Madison Square Garden witnessed Mil's greatness against Doug Gilbert in 1977. Mil demonstrated his remarkable agility and strength against Gilbert's cunning rule breaking. Few times have people seen the equal of this magnificent display.

AGAINST RAMOS

The flying majesty of Mil Mascaras was never more apparent than in this battle against Bull Ramos. This 1971 bout saw Mil display his flying tactics better than ever. Fans counted over 150 separate maneuvers in 20 minutes. If there was ever a reason to call Mascaras a genius, it was this match.

AGAINST TOLOS

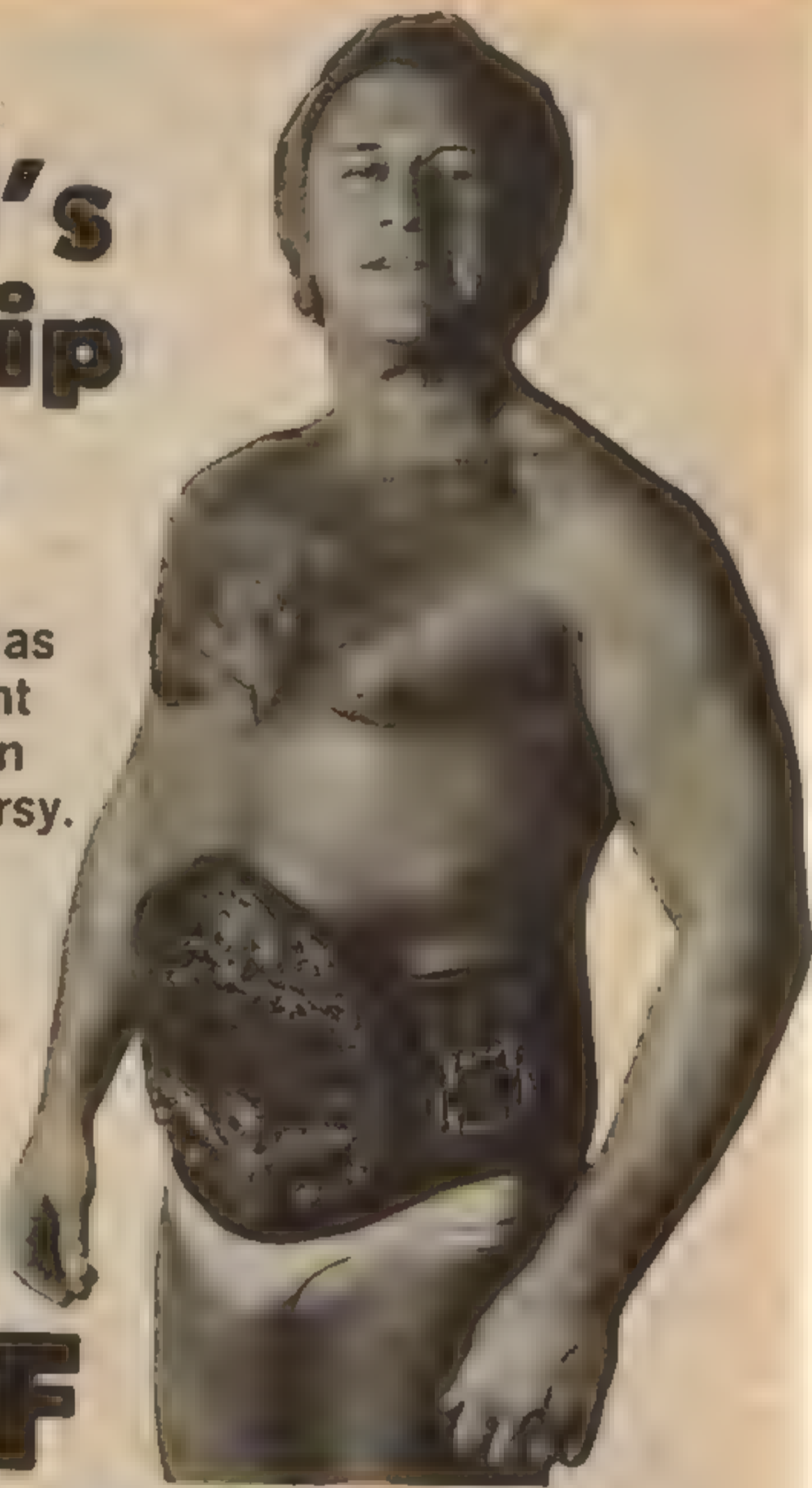
When John Tolos donned a mask to wrestle Mil Mascaras, people wondered if it would have any effect on the Mexican Superstar. Tolos quickly learned Mil's mask isn't the secret to his success. Mil's unequalled agility and strength made Tolos flee to the dressing room. This 1971 battle also proved Mil could match wits with the wily Tolos, an accomplishment few wrestlers can boast.

Nick Bockwinkel's Championship In Review

In the year since Nick Bockwinkel has been awarded the AWA heavyweight championship belt, he has been constantly surrounded by controversy.

On the occasion of the first anniversary of his title reign, **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING** takes a look back at a tumultuous 12 months

365 DAYS OF TERROR AND TURMOIL



ON MAY 19, 1981, Nick Bockwinkel was handed the AWA heavyweight championship belt when Verne Gagne stepped down into retirement.

When that happened, it began a controversy the likes of which wrestling has never seen. Fans from around the world were sharply split in their opinions of Bockwinkel.

One large faction claimed that the AWA officials were absolutely unjustified in handing the belt to Bockwinkel, who was at the time Verne Gagne's number-one challenger. They felt a tournament should have been set up to fill the vacated title. They also cited Bockwinkel's behavior over the years as proof that he did not deserve the title.

Another large group of fans agreed with the AWA officials who gave Bockwinkel the title. They were, for the most part, fans of Bockwinkel himself and were as overjoyed as he was when the announcement was made as to whom the new titleholder would be.

In any event, controversy was the order of the day, and in the year since Bockwinkel first wrapped the strap around his waist, controversy has remained with him. That controversy has taken many forms.

With each title defense, the number of fans who claim that



Bockwinkel protects his title by causing himself to be disqualified grows ever larger. In truth, Bockwinkel does find himself in an inordinantly great number of disqualification situations, but the claim that he does this himself in order to save his championship is largely unsubstantiated.

There are many people who feel that Bockwinkel's manager, Bobby Heenan, ought to be banned from ringside during Bockwinkel's title defenses. Heenan has been known to run into the ring on occasion and interfere in a match, and AWA officials have barred him from ringside a number of times, but the ruling is always rescinded in favor of Heenan.

Then, of course, there is the ever-present controversy of the title itself. Though he has made hundreds of title defenses, there are still thousands upon thousands of critics who maintain that Bockwinkel should never have been given the belt in the first place, that he never deserved the title, and that he *still* has not earned the right to wear the belt.

"All of these people who criticize

Many question the circumstances under which Bockwinkel became AWA champion, but no one can question the quality of the men he has given opportunities to take the belt. (Clockwise from top left) Bockwinkel defends against Tony Atlas, Tito Santana, Greg Gagne, and Baron Von Raschke.



me for being the AWA champion give me a big pain," said Bockwinkel. "There is absolutely no logic whatsoever in their opinions, and I will demonstrate that for you right now.

"Here is a typical letter from my mail," Bockwinkel said as he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket. "Now, listen to this: 'Dear Nick the Idiot: As you can see, I

have very intelligent people who write to me, 'I can't believe you are still the champion. Greg Gagne should have destroyed you a long time ago. Well, if I were you, I'd watch out, because Greg is going to be the next AWA champion, and you know where that puts you!'"

"The problem with that letter," Bockwinkel continued, "is that the person obviously doesn't know the



Bruiser Brody narrowly avoids being placed in Bockwinkel's figure four leglock with a desperation lunge (top). Nick draws a cry of pain from Hulk Hogan as he spreads his fingers (above). Bockwinkel traveled to Japan to make a successful defense against Jumbo Tsuruta (below).

first thing about my AWA championship and the kinds of title defenses I have had to go through over the past year. I must have wrestled that squirt Gagne about a hundred times, or at least it seems that way, and has he beaten me yet? Is he the champion yet? Of course not. You'll also notice I left out the name of the person who wrote that letter, because I didn't want him to be embarrassed because of his stupidity when this magazine comes out."



Had Bockwinkel not received outside help from Gino Hernandez, Tommy Rich would have captured the AWA title in Houston, Texas. Nick might not be the most scrupulous champion, but he remains the champion.

Of course, Bockwinkel has wrestled more than just Greg Gagne over the past 12 months.

"Anybody who says I haven't earned this belt has got rocks in his head," declared Bockwinkel. "I've wrestled every challenger who's come down the pike: Tito Santana, Tony Atlas, Rick Morton, Jumbo Tsuruta, Baron Von Raschke, Tommy Rich, Hulk Hogan, and even Bruiser Brody.

"None of them," Bockwinkel said, almost screaming, "none of them have ever come close to defeating me, and none of them ever will! Now and for all time, it's Nick Bockwinkel, the one and only champion of the AWA."

Bockwinkel struck a reflective pose and considered once again the attitudes of his critics.

"You know, it's very easy to sit back and criticize someone else when you think he's not doing a good job," said Bockwinkel, "but I'd like to see how long some of these letter-writing idiots last in the ring against a man like Bruiser Brody. Then let's see them say I haven't earned my title." □

DAVID VON ERICH:

By Steve Farhood

DAVID VON ERICH sat in a Tampa, Florida, pizzeria and devoured his fifth slice of Sicilian. Extra cheese and pepperoni. The entire meal was eaten in silence except for the jukebox in the corner spitting out some Bob Seger. *Still the Same* was the song, and the lyrics didn't fit this Von Erich son at all.

The middle sibling of the Von Erich children has gone through a lot of changes. Time was when he was a highly respected young wrestler in this state. Now he's hated by many fans for having turned against his father and his family, and for possibly dragging his own brothers down to the same level of rulebreaking that he himself has indulged in over the past months.

I watched as this famous, if not yet infamous, wrestler downed his pizza and finished his Coke. I had arranged to meet



Von Erich appears to be very happy with his success.

"WATCH ME CRUMBLE WRESTLING'S LEGENDS"

When he puts his mind to something, David Von Erich usually gets what he wants. He can be a dangerous man at times like that, and it looks as if he's going to be a very dangerous man to some very important wrestlers in the very near future.

PHOTOS BY DUANE LONG



Von Erich refuses to allow himself to be classified as either a scientific wrestler or rulebreaker. He claims to be his own man now and will wrestle anybody he has to in his quest of the sport's top titles. Von Erich backdrops Harley Race head first to the canvas (above) and stubbornly refuses to be pulled away from the ropes by Mr. Wrestling II (top right).

David for lunch, and hopefully for an interview, but I was still waiting for the first words out of his mouth as I completed my meal. I asked him a question or two, but he simply kept on eating. Sooner or later, I surmised, he had to say something.

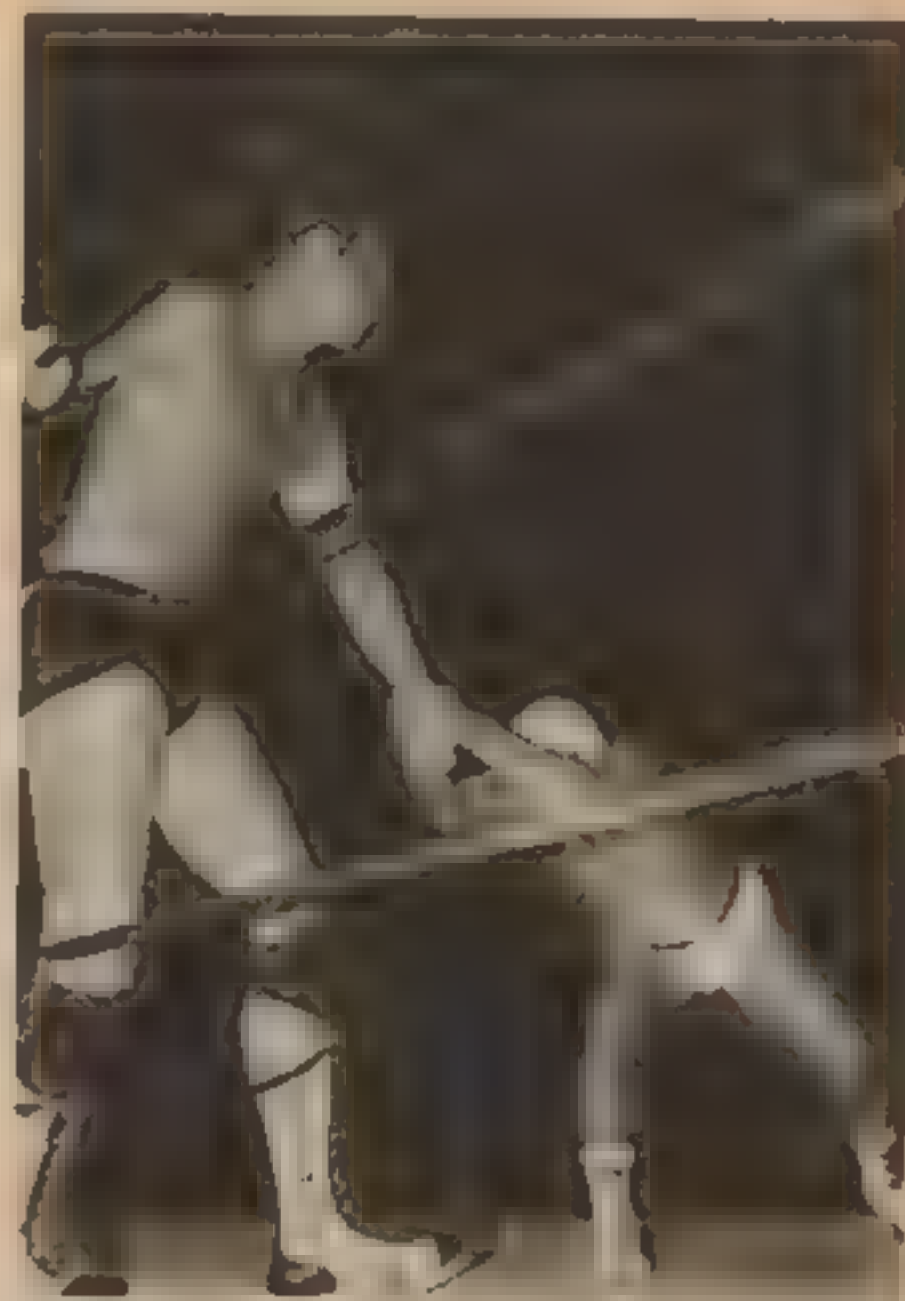
Fortunately, it came sooner.

"You've been waiting a long time for me to say something, haven't you?" David asked. I nodded in agreement, hoping he

wouldn't clam up for another half-hour. My fears, fortunately, were completely groundless.

"Let me tell you something, Steve," David began, "I'm in the middle of a debate that, as far as I'm concerned, has absolutely nothing to do with me. On the one side I have these fans who say I've turned on my family, I've betrayed the Von Erich name, all sorts of crap like that.

"Then there are the people,"



David continued, "who think that I am a fantastic wrestler, and that my family isn't worth a damn.

"Well, actually they're both wrong," David declared. "I have not betrayed my family at all, I am not doing what I am doing simply to destroy the Von Erich reputation. In fact, my family does mean a great deal to me.

"I do what I do because I have to do it," he continued. "The object of wrestling, as far as I'm concerned, is to compete and to win. I'm not out there to make a lot of friends, I'm out there to win matches. If certain people and certain fans don't like the way I win matches, well that's their problem and not mine."

All my worries about David Von Erich being a tough interview dissolved as this torrent of words spilled out of his mouth. It was a pleasant way to do an interview. I hardly had to ask him any questions at all!

"Look, the time I won the Southern belt from Jack Brisco I wasn't in that ring to make friends with him," David continued, "I was there to take away his title, which I did. It's all business as far as I'm concerned, and I couldn't care less what the critics think or what my supporters think. One



The ultimate goal of any professional wrestler is one of the three major titles. Von Erich has wrestled Ric Flair, but not while Ric was NWA champion. A title match awaits David in the near future if he continues to progress.

guy is as wrong as the other, and nobody has come up with a correct explanation and an understanding of why I wrestle the way I do.

"I'll tell you one thing," said David, "and that's the fact that the style I'm using right now is extremely successful for me. Hell, it won me the Southern title, and it's going to win me a lot more titles before I'm through."

"I intend to take care of everyone in this sport," said Von Erich. "I have a list of people, call it a hit list if you want, that

includes such so-called 'legends' as Mr. Wrestling II, Jack Brisco, Dusty Rhodes, Hacksaw Butch Reed, and yes, even Ric Flair."

"Just watch me over the next months," David said matter-of-factly, "and you'll see why I am absolutely and completely a champion through and through. Watch me crumble wrestling's legends, and watch them fall by the wayside one by one."

At that point, David got up to leave. I just sat there watching him as he walked out of the

pizzeria, practically dripping with self-confidence.

I knew all about his past, and I wondered about his future. There was a time not so long ago when a lot of people would have laughed at David Von Erich for boasting that he was going to defeat Jack Brisco and win the Southern title. A lot of people are going to laugh at him now as he declares that he's going to defeat the men on his "hit list."

I suspect that David Von Erich himself will be the man to have the last laugh. □

In every man's life, there is one woman who has helped inspire him to success. Dusty Rhodes is no exception. In this amazing story, learn of how one special woman made Rhodes a superstar

DUSTY RHODES:

This is THE number one Dusty Rhodes fan in the world—Dusty's mother, Katherine

THE WOMAN



WHO



Dusty uses his "bionic elbow" to smash Ric Flair. Whenever Dusty has a big match, he makes certain to call his mother after the battle just to let her know how things turned out. Dusty and his mother are the best of friends.

DUSTY RHODES GAZED lovingly at the picture of the blonde-haired woman smiling coyly above the blue T-shirt. The words "The American Dream" indicated that she was a Rhodes fan. That would be a grave error. She is THE Dusty Rhodes fan. She is his motivating force, his principal source of support and love. She is his mother.

"My mom was always there when I needed her," Dusty said, grinning easily as he settled into the chair. "She always had praise for me and she always went to everything that mattered to me when I was a kid: PTA, school gatherings, everything

"When I was in Little League, she came to the games dressed in the same uniform I wore. A Seven-Up sponsor. If I had to go to practice she would take off from work and

take me there in one of the many old cars we always seemed to have in Austin. One time, I was having my troubles in Little League. While my dad yelled at me, my mother calmly told me that I was standing wrong. She is an outstanding woman."

Katherine Rhodes instilled a deep belief in God and a high respect for the work ethic in her favorite, Dusty. Yet she was not above displaying the protectiveness of a tigress when one of her sons was in trouble.

"We had an old house near the projects in Austin," Rhodes said. "It was a tough neighborhood, and one day I got into a fight with this kid. I was about nine or 10. I beat the kid up and then the kid told his dad, who said something to my dad. My father went down and beat *his* father up. And when he finished, he told the kid's mother



The WWF championship becomes the property of Dusty Rhodes' for a few minutes (it was later returned to Superstar Graham on a technicality).

MADE HIM A SUPERSTAR

that when my mom came home from work she would beat *her* up," Dusty chuckled.

Money was tight in the Rhodes household, though the immense love of both parents for each other and their children more than compensated for any financial hardships. When Dusty went away to West Texas State on a football scholarship, he was handicapped by his lack of money. Or so he thought.

"Every week I'd get five dollars in an envelope from my mom," Dusty recalled. "I didn't have the money at school and I never asked her for it. But every week, there it was. I don't know where she got it or how, but she never let me down. Never!"

It is natural that a son will become selfish when there is a competitor for his mother's love





"The Dream" has had many battles against Superstar Graham. Dusty's mother admits that she is a fan of Graham. And no one is more surprised at that fact than Dusty himself. "There's something she digs about him," Dusty says.

This happened between Dusty and Katherine when his mother, widowed, remarried and moved to Houston.

"I resented her remarrying. I know it was selfish on my part but we didn't talk for a while. It was agony not speaking to my mom, but I was really confused and I was

wrong. I didn't realize that then but when I knew how wrong I was we got back together. It's strange, but we're closer than we ever were. I guess I understand her better now."

As Dusty's number one cheerleader, Katherine's exuberance can be easily understood. Yet there are aspects of

professional wrestling she simply can't stand.

"She didn't want to go at first because of all the violence and the blood. When I wrestled Sheik in Houston, she just refused to go because of all the bloodshed. It wasn't that she wasn't proud of me, because she was. She always pushed me into things and wrestling was just the career I chose. Once she saw me really into it and saw how great I was," Dusty grinned impishly, "she went crazy.



Dusty's mother loves when he makes rulebreakers like Ivan Koloff pay for the bad things he has done to other opponents.

"My mom has about 20,000 pictures in the house. You go into the house and there's me all over the place. Damn, I don't think you can go *anywhere* in that house without seeing 'The American Dream.' Not that there's anything wrong with that, mind you.

"I never thought I'd be able to get her to come to New York. Finally I brought her up to the Garden for my first match with [Superstar] Graham. She really loved it.

"But she's never done anything
(Continued on page 56)

FRED BLASSIE: THREE DECADES OF MAYHEM

*I wanna tell all you people just one thing
Y'know there's plenty of men around, but just one King
You can go through life actin' mean and sassi
But you better play it cool when you come around Blassie
And that goes for all you women, living or dead
You better watch your step when you're messin' with Fred
I've said it before and I'll say it again
My name is Blassie . . . King of Men*

WITH THOSE LYRICS, and the four verses that followed, Fred Blassie ushered in a new era of American manhood. Back in 1976, when that song, entitled "Blassie: King of Men" was



Fred Blassie: jet black hair, 228 pounds, and 24 years old.



The handsome Blassie face (above) would often be covered with blood (below), but rarely would he lose more blood than his opponent.



released, radio stations picked up on it and gave it a good deal of airplay. Junior high school kids began growling at each other in low, gravally tones, calling each other pencil-necked geeks

"Of course, what else would you expect?" asked Fearless Fred Blassie. "I am the man who sets the example not only for every wrestler in the world, but for every youngster who ever wished to grow up to be as handsome and talented



Blassie poses for this photograph at the Los Angeles studio where he recorded "King of Men." No wrestler ever had sharper teeth than Fred Blassie.

as the one and only Fred Blassie, and there isn't a kid anywhere who doesn't want that, unless he's a stupid little geek."

For more than 30 years, Fred Blassie, the Fashion Plate of Wrestling, has thrilled fans with a style, both personal and athletic, that remains unmatched by anyone else in the sport.

His career spans more years than most currently active wrestlers have been alive. He has risen to dizzying heights of fame as a wrestler, and has surpassed himself as a manager. He is Fred Blassie, and there isn't another man who even comes close to matching him in style and flair



A celebrity golf tournament with, from left to right, Jack Albertson, Jimmy Lennon, an unidentified friend, and Chuck Connors (above). Fred is honored by Regis Philbin and Joey Bishop (right).



His list of enemies would fill all the pages of this magazine. A list of his titles as an active wrestler would be very lengthy, as well Blassie has done it all in the years since he's entered the sport at the tender age of 24.

The wrestling exploits of Blassie have been well documented. His penchant for biting the foreheads of his opponents and creating

bloody melees earned him the nickname of "The Vampire." What hasn't been as widely reported is Blassie's early years, and the personal life of the man who, once he retired from active wrestling, has become perhaps the most famous manager in all of sport.

A quick tour through the early years

Blassie was an all-state fullback

at McKinley High in St. Louis, and was a great college fullback at St. Louis University. He also excelled in baseball and the shotput, and was St. Louis University's boxing and wrestling champion, maintaining an undefeated college record.

Blassie entered the Navy from college, winning the boxing and wrestling titles of the 7th Naval District. Following his stint in the service, Blassie was offered \$10,000 to turn pro boxer, and both the Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers tossed two-year contracts his way.

"I looked long and hard at all the offers I got back then," recalled Blassie, "and I just decided to follow the advice of my good friend, Jack Dempsey. He told me I was well-equipped for wrestling, pointed out that it was what I did best, and I agreed. I never regretted my decision to go into wrestling."

Along with appearing in wrestling rings all around the world, Blassie has been in a number of films and television programs. Among the stars he has appeared in films with are Victor Mature, Susan Hayward, Kirk Douglas, Marilyn Monroe, and Burt Lancaster. He's also been in such TV shows as *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, *I Love Lucy*, *My Little Margie*, and *Dragnet*.

In researching the history of Blassie's career, we wondered what one question that the self-

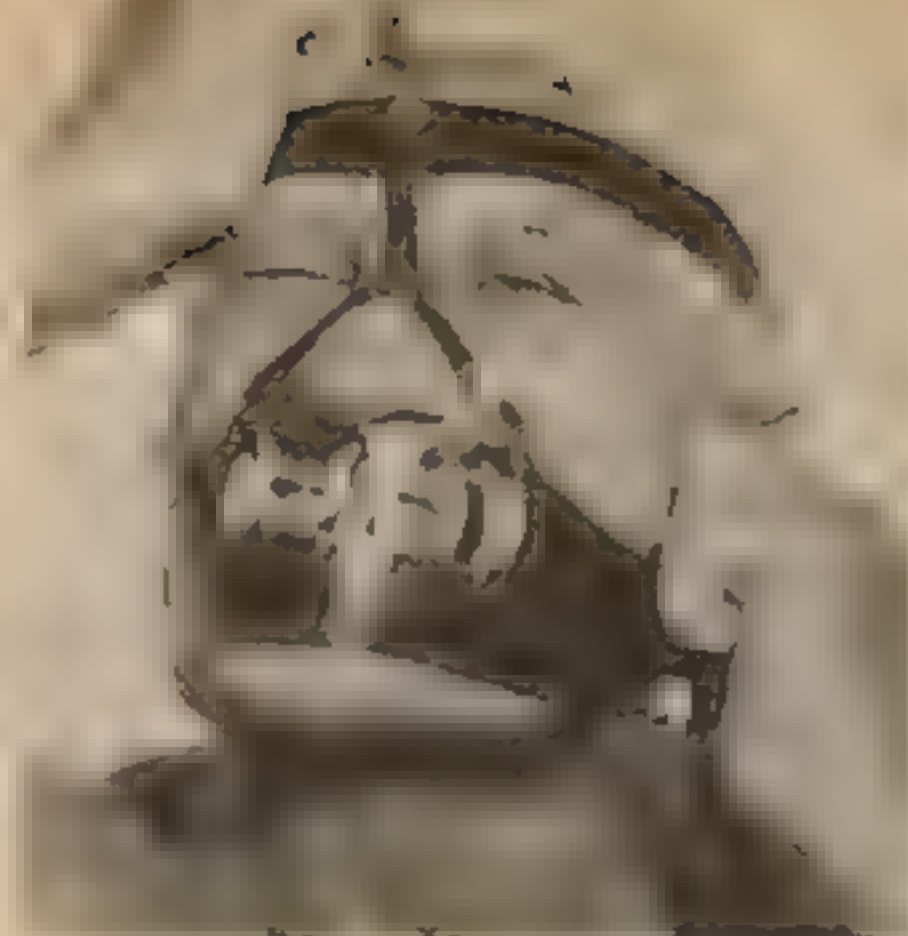


Over the years, Blassie has frequently been seen in the company of Hollywood's biggest stars (clockwise from top left), Jack Lemmon, Michael Landon, Alan Hale Jr., and Moms Mabley.



proclaimed King of Men has been asked more often than any other.

"It has to do with my great wardrobe," answered Blassie, "and it's no wonder. There is no doubt that my wardrobe is the most expensive of anyone involved in wrestling, and it's probably one of the most valuable personal wardrobes in the entire country. I know for a fact that I have more suits than any other wrestler, and everything I have is tailor made and personally fitted. A lot of it I designed myself. Any pencil-



Los Angeles promoters found a unique way to prevent "The Vampire" from using his teeth.



Blassie viciously rips into the open wounds on Don Carson's forehead (above), and, in a tamer mood, rides with his wife Miyako in a Christmas parade in California (below).



Johnny Carson sits stunned as Blassie and heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali clown around on the "Tonight Show" (top left). Blassie brings some joy to a young handicapped girl (left). Blassie made Killer Kowalski pay for this serious leg injury, which kept him out of action for several months in 1972 (above)



necked geek can buy a jacket off the rack, but it takes a real man to design his own clothes and make them better than anything else everyone is wearing. That's another reason why the women love me so much."

Right now, Blassie prefers to ignore past glories and look to the future, particularly regarding his latest charge, Blackjack Mulligan.

"This guy is going all the way," growled Blassie, "and you can bet your paycheck on that. He's almost as mean and evil in the ring as I was, but I still have a few more lessons to teach him."

Brutality and evil: These have been the trademarks of Fred Blassie's career and his personality, a personality that is best reflected

by the closing verse to "King of Men:"

*Yeah, you better step lively geek,
'cause before I'm through
I'm gonna be moppin' up the floor
with you
And when you're down there on
your knees just beggin' me to stop
I'll squeeze your head like a pimple
until it pops
I'll have your brains for breakfast
and your guts for lunch
That pencil-neck'll make a nice
snack for me to munch
You should have listened geek,
'cause this is the end
My name is Blassie . . . King of
Men.* □

**Apartment
Wrestling
Battle of the Month**

WHIRL



The advantage
turns as the
sensuous warriors
tear at each other
in savage fury.



POOL OF TERROR!

Caryn's beauty was second only to her battling splendor. Then, for no reason, her abilities vanished and her glory disappeared. With a desperation most mortals can never understand, Caryn took on the battle of her life to save her life!

HAD TO GET AWAY. Keep running. Why did her legs give out? Why was she falling? Struggle to get up again. The banshee screams are louder, close. Fallen again. It's too dark to see. Feel their claws, hear their breathing, smell their bloodlust. Can't scream. Why can't she defend herself? What's wrong? What's wrong?

When Caryn awoke, her heart was pounding and tears streaked her face. The nightmare was familiar by now. Terror had become a nocturnal companion. It wouldn't require a psychiatrist to explain why. At one time, about six months

ago, Caryn was one of the most admired apartment wrestlers. Business executives would change meetings so they wouldn't conflict with matches. One famous author pushed back publication date of a novel so the press party wouldn't be on the same night as Caryn's battle. It was the best of all possible worlds.

Then it all fell apart. For no reason, Caryn fell to foes that were far from her equals. For some inexplicable reason, her timing was off, her movements were sluggish, and her strategies were wrong at the wrong times. For six months,

she lost match after match. It made no sense and no one could find a reason for it.

Caryn doubled her exercise regimen. She tried fad diets, hypnosis, meditation, and even broke up with her boyfriend. Nothing worked. She kept losing. Friends gave advice. Someone even filmed her match and she went over it frame by frame, backwards and forwards. Technically, there appeared to be nothing wrong. Perhaps there was a little hesitancy, a lack of command in her movements, but that could be blamed on loss of confidence. Physically, Continued



nothing was wrong. No one could explain this astonishing collapse

With the tension of tomorrow eating at her bones, Caryn spent many sleepless nights the victim of nightmares. She grew haggard, scared, unsure of herself in any situation. Finally, there came a time of now or never. Caryn would either win her next match or quit. At least

the humiliation of losing would be over

The opponent she picked was no easy foe. If this was to be Caryn's last match, she would go out against the best. In Chicago, the best is Lindsey

This blonde beauty is renown throughout apartment wrestling. Her cold ferocity has brutalized many of the best lovelies in the spectacle. It's difficult for her to

find opponents, as many young women value their looks. Lindsey's flashing nails are like 10 tiny swords that slash at a victim's face and body, often turning beauties into bloody horrors. Her last eight foes surrendered within five minutes of the match. The majesty of her fury is legend

Friends tried to dissuade Caryn from taking the match. In view of her past failures, wrestling Lindsey would be equivalent to suicide. Caryn needed confidence, not war. Their pleas were appreciated but ignored. Caryn needed a real victory or nothing. Defeating



Left: Caryn uses her super body as a weapon as Lindsey is dragged across the carpet on her belly. Above: Lindsey is airborne as Caryn's legs catapult the blonde across the penthouse room.

Lindsey would provide a real victory.

From all over the world, admirers and colleagues sent advice and best wishes. As the night of the match grew nearer, Caryn ignored them all. She retreated into herself, trying to dredge up the greatness she knew lay buried within her. There was a maniacal intensity

(Continued on page 58)

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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)

sure that I don't stand in their way. Sometimes a father who is active in wrestling can make things very difficult for his son. Just look at the situation between Blackjack Mulligan and his son, and you'll see what I mean."

And what about his attitude towards David Von Erich, the young rebel who currently holds the Southern championship title?

"I'm not sure what I want to do about David yet," said Fritz. "Of course I'm happy that he wears the belt, but I'm not so sure that the ends justify the means. I have a lot of thinking to do about that, and since I'm going to be in retirement, I'll have plenty of time to decide what to do."

—Virginia W. Sloan

ATLANTA, GA—Ted DiBiase isn't making a definite commitment to return to Georgia on a permanent basis, but he has been wrestling in this state occasionally, and rumors of an exclusive contract continue to circulate.

"Yes, I have had a number of offers," said DiBiase, "and some of them have been highly lucrative indeed. But right now, I'm afraid I really don't want to devote 100 percent of my time to wrestling in Georgia. As a sort of a free agent, I can come and go as I please. There are a lot of advantages to signing an exclusive contract, but I like the freedom to travel all over the country."

DiBiase says that the fans in Georgia have always been good to him, and that he "would be

glad to make a permanent return to Georgia someday, but right now it's not the thing for me to do."

—B.W. Foreman

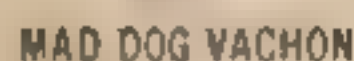


TED DiBIASE

ST. PAUL, MN—Mad Dog Vachon has returned to the AWA to gain sweet revenge against Sheik Ayatollah Blackwell.

"Soon, Jerry Blackwell will become the most miserable man ever to walk the face of the earth," a Minneapolis-St. Paul newspaper quoted Vachon as saying. "I'll stalk him as a big game hunter would stalk an elephant in the jungles of Africa. I will wound him many times before I finally decide that it is time for his ultimate demise. He will wish to his dying day that he never had crossed the path of the Mad Dog Vachon."

"I went to a match that



—Charles F. Amberson □

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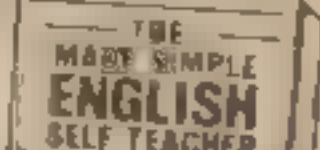
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WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 10)



the glories of civilization, this man
Snuka had to fend for himself, he
had to hunt and kill his own food,
he had to live like a wild animal.

"I know for a fact," Albano
continued, "that Snuka used to
hide in the trees and wait for some
sort of an animal like a rabbit or
dingo to come by. Then, when the
time was right, he would come
flying out of the tree like a bat out
of hell and pounce on his dinner,
sometimes having to wrestle a
dingo who was particularly strong
and quick witted. I'm telling you,
babies, those dingo dogs are small,
but they're feisty, and damn fast.

"That's exactly the reason why
Snuka is such a master of aerial
tactics," Albano explained,
"because he had to hunt for food
like this. Now, coming into the
ring, it's a natural thing for him to
fly off the top rope onto an
opponent. In a way, he's still
pouncing for food, only he's
getting paid very well for it and is
able to pay someone else to do his
hunting for him."

Snuka pays men to hunt wild
animals for him?

"That's right, babies," Albano
continued. "The Superfly may be
in civilization, but he is sure not
civilized! He still has to eat raw
animal meat, and believe me, it is

Captain Lou Albano has never been more
certain about the championship potential
of one of his wrestlers. Albano devises all
of Snuka's strategy and does all the
speaking for the Fiji native.

not easy to get raw dingo meat here
in the States, though rabbits are a
different thing completely, if you
get my meaning, and I'm sure you
do. It's good that Snuka continues
to eat meat like this, because it
helps him to maintain his animal
edge, his maniacal personality, his
complete attitude of brutality. He's
an animal through and through,
and he's a wrestler supreme, and
he's going to be the next WWF
champion, and you had better
listen to the Captain, because he
knows about what he speaks, and
what I'm speaking to you now is
the gospel truth, daddy, don't ever
forget it!"

As Albano prepares the legal
contracts for another Snuka-
Backlund title match, the Superfly
continues to wreak havoc all
through the WWF territory. He
may not be the WWF champion
yet, but he's probably got a better
chance of defeating Backlund than
anyone else in the Federation.

Congratulations to Jimmy
"Superfly" Snuka, *Sports Review's*
Wrestler of the Month for
September 1982. □

The Inquiring Reporter

(Continued from Page 12)



Forgetting that the disqualification rule had been temporarily lifted, Roddy Piper tried to protect his Mid-Atlantic championship by bringing his battle with Jack Brisco out of the ring. Brisco is now the Mid-Atlantic champion.

Erick McNalley, Atlanta, GA: "It's a bad idea. The championship has been held under the same rules for so many years now, it would be a complete rejection of everything that has gone on before to go ahead and change the rules so drastically. Disqualifications keep certain wrestlers in line, and if a champion decides to get himself disqualified, he's only cutting his own throat as far as his own professional reputation is concerned."

Anthony Vincenti, Brooklyn, NY: "Okay, it's a nice idea, but then what's going to happen in a case like the first Backlund-Snuka match at Madison Square Garden? If Backlund is taken out on a stretcher, does that count as a submission? Is Snuka given the

belt? Without a countout or disqualification rule to cover occurrences like this, you'll have total chaos."

Mack Deknifer, Columbus, OH: "I think it's a great idea, and if the NWA doesn't go ahead and adopt this rule on a permanent basis, there's something seriously wrong with the people who are running the association. It's too easy for a champion to keep the title by disqualifying himself or staying out of the ring for a countout, and I would like to see that stopped immediately. To his credit, though, I've got to mention that Ric Flair doesn't engage in that sort of behavior. He's really an exception, and he ought to be commended for it." □

WE ACCUSE

(Continued from Page 18)

was confused. When Gordy approached him in the ring, he slugged the man who had just saved him.

A few days later, Gordy made an appeal to Hayes and the fans on television. Hayes, who had given the matter serious consideration, decided to accept Gordy as his friend once again.

Gordy engaged in a test of strength with Bob Armstrong. If Terry is serious about changing his ways, the new Freebirds would be a welcome addition to Georgia wrestling. If he is trying to trick Hayes, the fans will witness the renewal of one of the most bloody feuds in the history of the sport.



We feel that Hayes made his decision too hastily. It is the opinion of the editors of this magazine that Gordy still holds deep resentment over Hayes' decision to split up The Freebirds. At the time, he called Hayes some things that reputable family magazines would never consider printing. But it all amounted to one thing: Gordy planned to get even with Hayes. Now that he has apparently won Hayes' trust, this seems to be the perfect opportunity to strike back and accomplish that goal.

If we're wrong, one of the greatest tag teams in the history of wrestling has been successfully reunited. If we're right, Michael Hayes' career is in serious jeopardy. □



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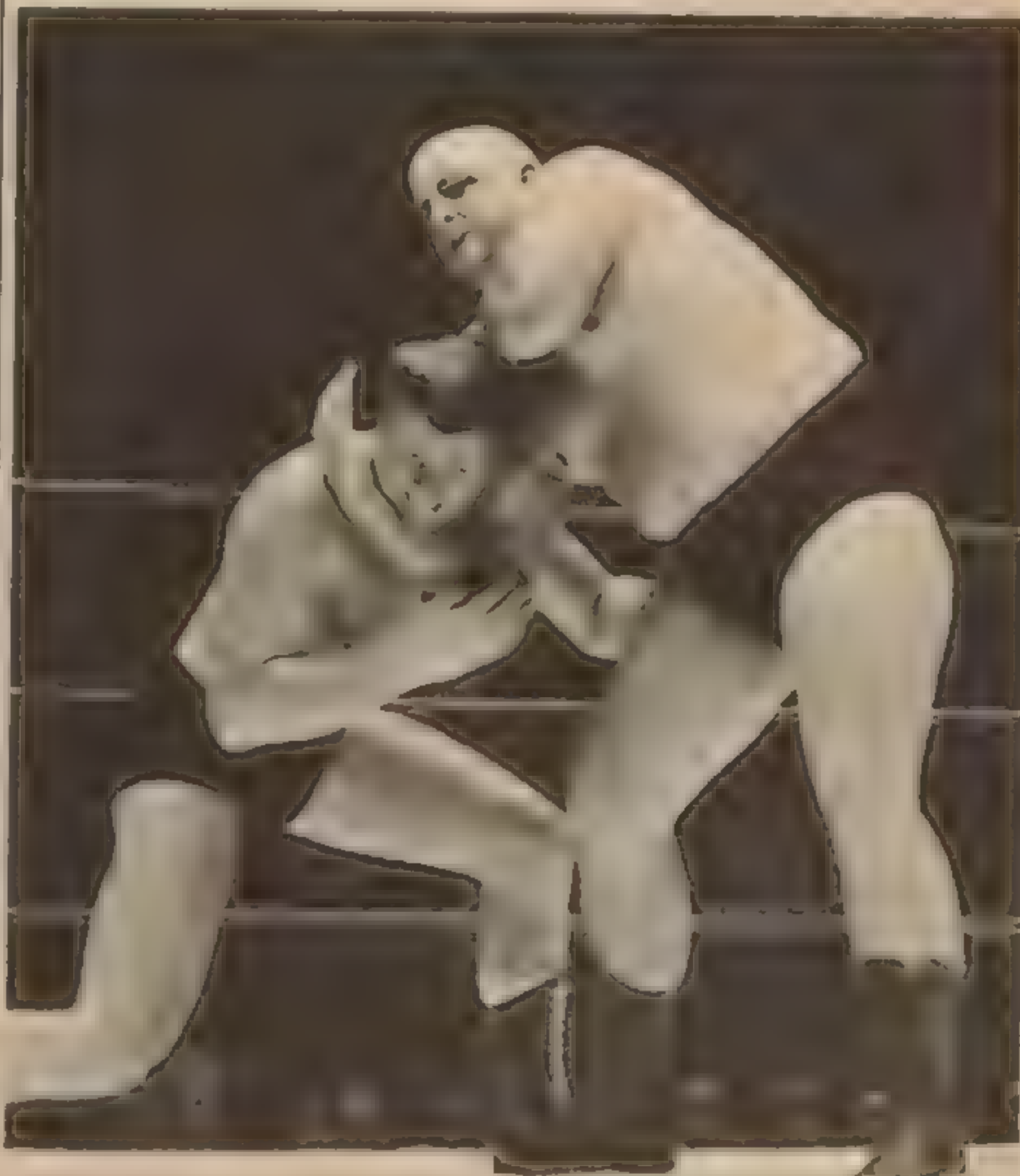
DUSTY RHODES

(Continued from Page 42)

at the matches that would embarrass me. I don't believe someone you love can ever embarrass you. She's just so supportive it's amazing, it really is."

Dusty tries to hide his wince when he discusses his mother's second favorite wrestler.

"She's a big fan of Superstar," Dusty sighed wearily. "I really don't understand why and I'm not



Dusty wrestles Dewey Robertson in 1970 in Detroit. No matter what Dusty did in life, his mother was always there to give him words of encouragement and help him reach his goals. He is a star today due to many things she taught him.

Katherine's love is not restricted to her son.

"There's this crippled wrestler who works in a restaurant in Houston. He's an old guy and no one remembers him anymore, it's kind of sad. But my mom comes down once a week and brings him the magazines to read and tells him all the wrestling news and gossip. She makes him feel alive and that's great."

about to ask because I don't like to hear his name. She doesn't like the rulebreakers, but there's something about Superstar she digs. Can't be his looks, that's for sure." Rhodes cackled.

More than her constant attention, her incessant love, and gracious manners, Katherine's support of Dusty and urging of him into success was aided by the philosophy she imparted to him.



Posing for our photographer, Dusty is all smiles. His mother always taught him that a pleasing attitude toward everything he does will always help.

"Philosophy of my mom?" His eyes twinkled mischievously. "She told me not to play with bad women. No, just kidding! Actually, she told me to believe in God. She took me to church even if I didn't want to go."

"She taught me to work and earn everything you get. She didn't believe in taking handouts from anyone. I guess the most important thing she ever taught me was that you pass through life just one time and you might as well pass through in a Cadillac."

"That would be a 1949 Ford or whatever because everyone's Cadillac is different. But just board your Caddy and take off!"

Rhodes eyes watered over and his throat constricted with emotion.

"I don't think a love between two people could mean any more." ☐

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WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 48)

in this, driving friends away in fear. Every once in a while, Caryn would start to shake uncontrollably.

Lindsey was kept informed of this. It didn't take a prophet to see this was going to be a remarkable event. Lindsey is smart enough to know that a

madwoman is the most dangerous of all opponents; there is no method to her wild moves and strategy. A lady like Caryn could maim and not even know it. Driven to the brink by a failure she can't understand, Caryn might be totally out of control. Lindsey wasn't worried



Lindsey's fingers are dangerous stilettos as they claw at Caryn's face. The brunette beauty writhed in agony as she tried to escape the terrifying clutches of this most dangerous grappler. At this point, Caryn's friends feared the troubled athlete would go berserk

The blonde had the poise of a lion tamer, able to battle against the most ferocious of beasts. Her instincts and concentration were such that any reckless action could be countered. It was this ability, even more than her superb physical gifts, that made her known throughout the sport as the toughest of competitors. Her cruelty made her one of the most feared

The night of the match, Caryn seemed to be totally absorbed within herself. Friends worried she couldn't find her way to the penthouse; they picked her up and drove her there. She ignored everyone, mumbled to herself in some strange language meant to communicate with no one. It was as close to madness as a human being can get without going over the edge. Her best friend begged the others to cancel the bout. Another close friend feared if the bout was called off, Caryn's sanity would never return. "She isn't crazy," he believed, "just organizing all her forces for battle. Let her have this moment. It can always be stopped. If I think she's helpless, I'll pull Lindsey off her myself. She won't be hurt. I swear to that."

When Caryn got to the bedroom, she threw off her clothes and quickly donned her bikini. This was followed by a series of exercises. Beads of sweat trickled down the brunette's voluptuous body; her motions became relaxed and wiry. This was no madwoman, not now. Here stood a magnificent athlete, every fibre of being tingling with energy. If every woman has a moment of manfidence, this was Caryn's. She was the ultimate physical being prepared to strike

Lindsey knew nothing of this as she donned her bikini. Every movement was cautious, slow,

(Continued on page 62)

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WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 58)

calm. The blonde joked with friends, reminisced about other nights and other matches. Sounds of conversation drifted into the bedroom as the elite from all over gathered for this remarkable confrontation. There was no fear of the upcoming battle. "Caryn can be looney," she told friends, "but that doesn't make her a winner. I'm better than she is, especially now. The woman isn't in a slump. She's finished. I'm going to beat her so bad, it'll be the last

devoured her opponent, consuming every limb and muscle in a gaze terrifyingly horrible. She was more than concentrating—she was obsessed.

The signal was given for the match to begin. For an instant, Caryn stopped shaking and stood stock-still. Everyone stared and the room appeared as fixed as a photograph. Then, a hideous shriek broke out from Caryn's throat. Nothing was still again.

With a remarkable bound, Caryn leaped on her opponent. Lindsey locked her arms around this astonishing foe and the two beauties fell to the ground. Caryn moved with genius; there was no mad recklessness now. Her hands and feet moved with symphonic grace and Lindsey felt the searing pain of twisted limbs, scratched flesh and mauling fury in the most tender places. The blonde used every ounce of strength and intelligence to survive this assault. She barely made it, but she did.

Somehow, in the maelstrom of intense action, Lindsey managed to escape. She retreated to the far side of the room, hoping for a moment to collect her thoughts. Caryn gave her only an instant. Lindsey didn't need any more.

With lightning reflexes, Lindsey whipped her foot until it slammed into Caryn's belly. As the brunette doubled over, Lindsey brought her fist down hard into Caryn's neck. The brunette fell to her knees, her body groggy from assault. Somehow, she found the strength to grab Lindsey's legs and flip the blonde backwards. The beauty crashed to the ground, momentarily stunned.



Lindsey's powerful hands grab Caryn's bikini halter, mauling and crushing the brunette's voluptuous breasts. Caryn's cries filled the room.

time Caryn is even thought of in apartment wrestling. You can bet on it." Many people did. Over \$20,000 would change hands on this night.

The moment of truth arrived. Caryn shook violently as she entered the room. Her glassy eyes told everyone she saw nothing—until Lindsey appeared. Then Caryn's eyes

Caryn rolled away to collect her senses.

The most breathtaking moment in apartment wrestling was next seen by the lucky spectators. The two magnificent Amazons stood facing each other, tall and proud with sweat streaking their voluptuous frames. Then they stalked toward each other, lionesses contesting supremacy. Those electric moments when they neared each other right up until their exquisite bodies met in a crash of flesh were the most awesome ever witnessed. Those who have never known that tension will never understand



Caryn is an erotic colossus as she towers over Lindsey. The blonde's hands desperately claw at her foe's calves and thighs.

erotic savagery.

As their flesh smacked together in a collision of hatred, the warriors tore at each other with abandon. Every muscle was hard with fury as they grabbed and pounded and slashed, using all their womanly knowledge to search and torment the most vulnerable places. Their grunts

(Continued on page 64)

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WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 63)

and moans were the only sounds in the room.

They fell to the carpet. Each battler struggled for advantage in this whirlwind of action and brutality. Each movement was an attempt to maim and cripple, as they tore away at each other. The sensuous fury of their actions was almost horrifying in its magnificence.

It would be impossible to chronicle the events in any order. The action was so fast and furious, so complex, that even a movement by movement report couldn't communicate this ferocity. As the beauties waged their incredible war, all rational senses seemed suspended.

Even highlighting the match couldn't communicate the wonder of this awesome struggle. How can one describe the intense brutality of the moment when Caryn stood straddled over the kneeling Lindsey as Lindsey's fingers dug into the flesh of Caryn's thigh. In this position, the two women scuttled grotesquely across the carpet; Caryn wrenching her victim's head almost completely around as Lindsey's nails tore at muscle and flesh. Their grunts of rage and pain intermingled into a hideous duet.

It's almost impossible to describe the awesome motion during the battle Lindsey made to double Caryn over. Caryn's legs and Lindsey's arms moved with lightning quickness as the two struggled, one to conquer and the other to escape. The swirl of motion, the slap of flesh and muscle, the oddly beautiful jerking movements were stunning examples of a human being's sheer physicality.

The match continued at its breathless pace, neither woman



Lindsey's talon fingers scratch Caryn's face and breast (above) as the blonde becomes an exquisite torture machine. Caryn tries to writhe free but only topples to the carpet in agonizing terror (below).



giving or getting mercy. One could see they were hurt as maneuvers grew stilted and harsh. There was an ugliness to the match now, a cold hatred driving every tactic. Caryn no

longer feared for her ability; there was no more slump. The only thing on her mind was victory. One could see the determination in her blazing eyes.

The battled waged on, taking more and more of a toll on the beauties. Their voluptuous frames were mottled with black-and-blue marks, and their heavy breathing echoed throughout the room. Agony etched itself into their exquisite faces, distorting features into a grotesque mask. This couldn't continue. The end had to come.

Exhausted, barely able to move, Lindsey made one last desperate attempt to win. She grabbed Caryn's hair and threw the victim across the room. Caryn crashed into the wall, flopping to the carpet as if shot. Her movements from that moment on were powerless jerkings of a will no longer to command the body.

Lindsey had also fallen to the carpet, stumbling from the force of her own maneuver. Groggily, she got to her feet, somehow made her way to her victim, and fell upon the pitiful beauty. The match was over.

Lindsey rolled off her victim, and lay exhausted by her side. At the moment, one realized there was no real winner or loser, just a conclusion. Both women were glorious in battle. Any outcome was incidental.

Caryn's friends were heartbroken, however. They believed Caryn would need a victory or go mad. But an hour later, when the weary woman was able to talk, she put their mind at ease.

"This was a great match," she realized, "one of the best ever. That means I was great. So there's no need to believe I'm in trouble any longer. I'm back and ready to reclaim my place. Everything's going to be alright." □

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